

YPSILANTI REPUBLICAN.

VOL. I.

YPSILANTI, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1838.

NO. 13.

YPSILANTI REPUBLICAN.

THE YPSILANTI REPUBLICAN is published every Wednesday, by JOHN W. WALLACE, Office in Huron-street, over the Post Office, Ypsilanti, Washtenaw Co., Michigan.

TERMS.—\$2 00 in advance.
2 50 within six months.
3 00 within the year.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the publisher.
Letters must be post paid to insure attention.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One dollar per square, [fifteen Brevier lines,] for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

POETRY.

THE PRISONER OF THE LORD.

A SABBATH HYMN FOR A SICK CHAMBER.
Thou art, O Lord of hosts, this day,
Around thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Thine homage at thy feet.

They sing thy power and glory there,
As I have seen, them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing thy deeds as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them with glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in their midst to teach,
When on thy name they call;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each;
Hast blessings, Lord for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit thus I Thee
Oh! just thou not a blessing left?
A blessing, Lord, for me?

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from Heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold thy prisoner—loose my hands,
I, of thy gracious will;
If not—contented in thine hands,
Behold thy prisoner still.

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
Lord consecrate a house of prayer,
In my surrendered heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen;
To hope the joys unfold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

O make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me—and give me peace.

Montgomery.

THE NIGHT-STORM AT SEA.

'Tis a dreary thing to be
Tossing on the wide, wide sea,
When the sun has set in clouds,
And the wind sighs through the shrouds.

With a voice and with a tone
Like a living creature's moan!
Look, how wildly swells the surge
Round the black horizon's verge!

See the giant waves rise high
From the sea's dark, dreary side;
While the sea-birds wheel their flight
O'er their streaming crests of white.

List! the wind is wakening fast!
All the sky is overcast!
Lurid vapours, hurrying, trail
In the pathway of the gale.

As it strikes us with a shock
That might rend the deep-sea rock!
Falls the strained and shivering mast!
Spar are scattered by the blast.

And the sails are rent by thunder,
As a cloud is split by thunder—
And the struggling vessel shakes
As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah! what sudden light is this,
Blazing o'er the dark abyss?
Lo! the full moon rears her form
Mid the cloud-ribs of the storm.

And athwart the troubled air,
Shines, like hope upon despair!
Every leaping billow gleams
With the lustre of her beams.

And lifts high its fiery plume
Through the midnight's parting gloom;
While its scattered flakes of gold
O'er the sinking deck are rolled.

Far, far low on benched knee,
Headed, weak, we turn to thee
Spoke us, 'mid the fear'd light
Of the raging winds, to-night!

Guide us o'er the threatening wave;
Save us—thou alone canst save!
E. S.

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory.

And waving arms and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light;
They're lost—and gone, the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;

And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.
Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horn—the cornet, they come,
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep.

And nearer, nearer, and still more near,
Their softened chords meet the ear;
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
Their tramping hoofs brook no delay;

With thrilling horn and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come.

FRIENDSHIP.—How tiresome do all the pleasures of the world appear, when compared with the happiness of a faithful, tender, and enlightened friendship! How joyfully do we shake off the soul, where our inclinations are free, and feelings genuine, and our sentiments unbiassed; where a mutual confidence of thoughts and actions, of pleasures and of pains, uninterrupted prevails; where the heart is led with joy along the path of virtue; and the mind conducted by happiness into the bowers of truth; where every thought is anticipated before it escapes from the lips; where advice, consolation and succor are reciprocally given and received in all the accidents and misfortunes of life! The soul thus animated by the charms of friendship, springs from its sloth and apathy, and views the irradiating beams of hope breaking on its repose. Does the tear of sorrow steal down the cheek of one—the other with affection wipes it tenderly away. The deepest sorrows of one are felt with equal poignancy by the other; but whose sorrow can resist the consolation which flows from an intercourse of hearts so tenderly, so intimately, so closely united? The only misfortune of which they have any fear, is the greatest they can possibly experience, the misfortune, of absence, separation and death.—Zimmerman.

MISCELLANY.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A SKETCH.

At the close of a fine summer day, at an open window, in a large and elegant mansion in B— street, Boston, sat Louisa Harcourt; her head reclining on her hand, which was partly concealed by her dark chestnut hair, which hung in graceful ringlets over her face. She appeared lost in thought.

At a little distance from the window sat her mother, an aristocratic looking lady, in a rich dress, which, sparkling with jewels, contrasted strangely with her daughter's white muslin dress, and beautiful hair, ornamented only with a gold band.

"Louisa, dear," said her mother, "how dull you are this evening; you have not said a word for an hour. I expect Mr. Palmer every moment, and I hope you will stay and see him."

The young lady raised her head and displayed a most beautiful countenance. Her features were small and very regular. Her skin or alabaster whiteness. Her cheek was pale, and the eyes which were deep blue, were filled with tears. Rising to leave the room, she displayed a beautiful slender form, rather smaller than the ordinary height.

Louisa Harcourt was eighteen years of age. When twelve years old, she became acquainted with a young man named Henry Seymour, two years older than herself. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, from friendship into love.

Henry always met with a welcome at Mr. Harcourt's until he began to see the course things were taking. About two months previous to the commencement of my tale, Henry, after passing a pleasant evening at the Harcourt's, had taken leave, when a servant stepped up, and said Mr. Harcourt wishes to say a few words with him. Entering a room, and closing the door, he began as follows:

"Mr. Seymour, I have observed of late, your acquaintance with my daughter has been more intimate than I could wish. With your means, you are not able to support her (if she became your wife) in the style and splendor to which she has been accustomed. I am, therefore, under the painful necessity of requesting you would discontinue your visits for the future. I hope you will not be offended for my asking this of you. I feel it my duty to do it, and I hope your friendship will continue as unbroken as heretofore."

Henry sat for a moment stupefied. Then starting from his seat without making any reply, left the house never to enter it again.

The night was dark and gloomy. Making his way as rapidly through the streets as the darkness would permit—and going which way he knew not—he had unaccountably returned to the house just left. He paused—and while looking up at the window of the room which he had just left, a person entered the room with a light. It was Louisa! Coming to the window she closed the shutters, and all was dark again. Rushing from the place he exclaimed, "Oh God! must I suffer this! and for the want of money?"

Two days afterwards he was at sea, on a voyage to India.

Henry Seymour was an orphan. His mother died when he was about two years old, and at eleven he lost his father. An uncle, the nearest surviving relative, was appointed his guardian, and being a professor in an academy, some miles from Boston, at his request Henry went there to reside. Here he received a superior education. And it was here he first saw Louisa Harcourt, who, after having finished her education, returned to the city.

Henry being deprived of her society, and not relishing the duties of teacher, for which his uncle had intended him, requested him to obtain a situation for him in some room in the city. A merchant from Boston being in that town, Henry applied to him for information. Pleased with his manners, he proposed taking him into his own store, on trial, which proposition was accepted, and the next week Henry was installed clerk in a dry goods wholesale store in Kilby street. By his correct deportment and strict attention to business, he gained the love and esteem of his employers, and on his twenty-first birthday, was to have become a partner in their establishment.

Instead of which, he was on his way to India, where he would now leave him for the present and return to the Harcourts.

On the afternoon of the day following Henry's unceremonious dismissal, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt with their daughter were sitting by the fire—Louisa reading a new work which Henry had left her the evening before. She had not been informed of the state of things—when Mr. H. was about to tell her, the servant announced Mr. Palmer. "Show him up said Mr. Harcourt." And in walked Augustus Palmer, Esq. the rival of Henry Seymour.

He was rather short and slim, hair dark, and a pair of whiskers adorned his face, which, if they really belonged there, must have had more time to grow than himself. He was dressed in a green frock coat, light colored pants, and was on the whole, a complete dandy, with a sort of what-do-you-want-to-know-for look, which rendered him very disagreeable.

Mr. Harcourt received him with great cordiality. Mrs. H. was all smiles. But Louisa scarcely lifted her eyes from the book, to say "good afternoon, sir," and then continued reading, as if no person beside herself was in the room.

"What is the matter with your friend Seymour?" asked Mr. Augustus Palmer.

"As I passed his house this morning, a truckman was carting away some furniture which I took to be his. I sent my servant to inquire; he returned, bringing me word it was Mr. Seymour's, who was to leave for Canton, in the Ship Leo, at twelve o'clock."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Louisa, laying down her book, and looking at Mr. Palmer, to see if he was trifling with her feelings.

"Impossible!"

"Positively true," observed Mr. Palmer, taking the evening paper from his pocket, and read: "Passengers in the ship Leo, cleared for Canton this morning, Mr. Henry Seymour of this city."

Miss Harcourt sprang from her seat.—Taking the paper, she read the paragraph, and sank motionless in her mother's arms.

Mr. Palmer took his leave. In a short time Louisa revived. She asked her father if he had said any thing about it. Mr. Harcourt then told her of the interview with Henry, and of his leaving the house without returning any answer.

That night Louisa was seized with a violent fever, which threatened to prove fatal, but in the course of a month she was able to leave the room.

From that time she refused to see any one, and never went abroad; her long walks were in the garden back of the house.

Augustus Palmer, after repeated visits without once seeing Louisa, was heard to say (when leaving the house for the fifty-sixth time unsuccessfully) that "Miss Harcourt must be a vulgar young lady not to appreciate the worth of a young gentleman, that half the girls in Boston were run-

Things changed about two years, all one evening. Louisa, who had been waiting for Mr. Harcourt, saw some hours behind his usual time of leaving his business. Mrs. Harcourt had thought of, and told every reason for delay, that her imagination could suggest, and was on the point of sending a servant to ascertain the cause, when the door was opened violently, and Mr. Harcourt rushed in, threw himself on the sofa and exclaimed—

"I am a ruined man! a bankrupt! a beggar!" Mrs. H. nearly fainted. As soon as she was composed enough, Mr. Harcourt stated the circumstances. He had risked his fortune in one great enterprise. All he was worth was in a ship at Canton, about to cross the ocean, and on which he could not effect an insurance. She sailed in company with another vessel. When five days out they were attacked by pirates, who were numerous in that part of the ocean. The ship belonging to Harcourt was captured. The other escaped. On her return, the captain warned on Mr. Harcourt's vessel, informed him that his ship was set on fire about three hours after the capture, and from the long continuance of the light, must have been entirely destroyed.

But how did Louisa meet the dreadful tidings? Far different from either father or mother. When Mr. Harcourt had finished speaking, those features that had not been seen to smile for two years, were now radiant with joy. "Thank heaven!" she exclaimed, "I too am poor.—They cannot deny Henry admittance now!"

From that moment it was evident her health was restored. The feeble step was exchanged for one proud and firm, which indicated any thing but a fall from wealth to poverty. The next day all their remaining property was taken. They were obliged to leave their elegant mansion for a small house in an obscure part of the city.

Louisa must now work to obtain subsistence. Was she ashamed of it? No. With a heart full of joy she applied (under an assumed name, which Mr. Harcourt insisted upon) to an establishment for the employment of female poor, and obtained work for her needle. By her industry they were enabled to live comfortably and even happy.

Henry Seymour reached Canton in safety, and immediately commenced trading and speculating. In all his undertakings success attended him. His small capital increased. A chance for a large speculation presented itself; Henry embarked his all and was successful. He realized a fortune.

A vessel was to sail for his native country. He immediately took passage. It was Harcourt's ship. As has been stated, they were captured by pirates, who after leaving their own vessel, set fire to it.

Having confined the crew of the ship below, they began to examine their prize, and finding a barrel of rum, they drank to intoxication. For several hours the air was rent with their cries. At last all was still. Presuming the pirates were in a state of insensibility, the crew broke through the hatchways, and found them stretched around the deck, about forty in number. Placing them in the boats, they lowered them in the water, and cutting the rope let them drift. Hoisting all sail, they steered for home; but adverse winds and bad weather kept them two months beyond the time in which passage is usually made, and immediately on his arrival at New York, Henry left for Boston. He reached the city about dark, and proceeded to the house formerly occupied by the Harcourts He rang the Bell. An Irishman came to the door.

"Does Mr. Harcourt reside here?"

"Mr. Harcourt?" asked the Irishman.

"Yes."

"No indeed, not he," was the reply.

"What does the gentleman want, Patrick?" said a little boy, coming to the door.

"Mr. Harcourt. He resided here about two years ago."

"Yes, sir, but father said he had failed. He had a ship taken by pirates, and burnt. That made him fail about two months ago—and he has not been seen since."

The truth now flashed upon Henry's mind. "He no doubt thinks, said Henry to himself, as he left the house, not knowing which way to go—he no doubt thinks the ship is lost and himself ruined. Oh God! what can have become of Louisa: perhaps at this moment suffering for want, among strangers." The thought saddened him.

"Must I find her—I will find her, now!" he exclaimed, still pursuing his way in any direction he happened to take. A plan occurred to him. He would go to the cryer, and have it declared throughout the city, that the ship C—, supposed to have been burnt by pirates, had arrived safe at New York. The Harcourts, if they were in the city, would hear of it, and all would again be right.

Turning down — street, he observed a young lady coming out of a house, on which was a large sign—"Employment given to Female Poor." From the light glance he obtained of her face, he thought it was Louisa. He followed her; she turned up a court, and entered a small wooden building; a few moments afterwards Henry knocked at the door. It was opened by Louisa Harcourt. She did not recognize him, he was so altered.

"Do you not know me, Louisa? Have

you forgotten me so soon? Have you forgotten Henry Seymour?"

She did not answer, but faintly and fell into his arms, and called for assistance; Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt came; Henry gave Louisa to Mrs. Harcourt, and requested to speak to Mr. H. They entered the room; Henry made himself known; communicated the joyful intelligence; and concluded by saying, "I will now favor to ask. Permit me to see your family as one friend visits another?" Mr. Harcourt seized his hand. "Henry we will never part. Take my daughter for your wife, if you think her worthy of you. Try to forget all that has passed, and it will not be my fault if we are not happy."

Louisa and her mother entered the room; all was explained. Henry passed the evening relating his adventures, and returned to his lodgings the happiest being alive, with the exception of the Harcourts.

"I won't," said Mrs. Pryer (one of two lodgers) and been coming scandal the house in — street."

"Why do you know?" Harcourt, who failed about three months since?"

"Yes, we are intimately acquainted," replied Mrs. Pryer, who had never been inside their house.

"Well, they are to live there. Young Seymour, who went to Canton two years since, has married their daughter, and is to stay with them."

"Indeed! I thought they refused him because he was poor."

"They did. But he made a fortune while in Canton."

"How some folks get rich," said Mrs. Pryer, taking leave of her friend. Farewell Mrs. Findout!"

FAREWELL READER!

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

Below we give an extract from a speech of Charles Phillips, Esq. Irish Barrister, in which he eulogized the illustrious American, with an equally beautiful and just eulogy on the immortal Washington.

Indeed the mention of America has never failed to fill me with the most lively emotions. In my earliest infancy—that tender season, when impressions are the most permanent and the most powerful are likely to be excited, the story of her then recent struggle raised a throb in every heart that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute even from discomfited oppression. I saw her spinning alike the luxuries that would enervate, and the legions that would intimidate; dashing from her lips the poisoned cup of European servitude, and through all the vicissitudes of her protracted conflict, displaying a magnanimity that defied misfortune, and a moderation that ornamented victory. It was the first vision of my childhood—it will descend with me to the grave. As a patriot, ever since the mention of America, but as a man, I concede her claims on my affection. Never, oh never, whilst she has a memory left her, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile. No matter whether her sorrows spring from the errors of enthusiasm, or the realities of suffering—from fact, or inflection—from fiction, or from fact—that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those whom the lapse of ages shall acquit of partiality. It is for men of other ages to investigate and record it; but it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate. But if America calls on our gratitude for the past, how deeply does she draw upon our interest for the future. Who can say that, when in its follies or its crimes, the old world shall have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new. Perhaps, when the temple and trophy shall have mouldered into dust—when the glories of our name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of our discoveries only live in song—Philosophy may rise again in the sky of her Franklin and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington. Is this the vision of romantic fancy? I appeal to history—the monumental record of national rise and national ruin. Tell me, thou revered chronicle of the grave, can the splendor of achievement, or the solidity of success, secure to empire the permanence of its possessions? Alas! Troy thought so once, yet the land of Priam lives only in song—Thebes tho' so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tomb is but as dust they were destined to commemorate—so thought Polyphus; where is she? So thought the country of Delos, and the Spartan—St. Leonidas is a trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the mindless Ottoman! The days of their glory are as if they had never been, and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the wealth of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to what Athens was? Happily, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that mighty continent may emerge from the horizon, to rule for its time sovereign of the ascendant!

"Such sir, is the natural progress of human operations, and such the unsubstantial mockery of human pride. But I should apologize for this digression—the tombs are at the best a sad, although an instructive subject. At all events, they are ill suited to atone for it, by turning to a theme which tombs cannot inure, nor revolutions alter. It is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay with the garland of the great, and surely, even in the eyes of its daily, its grape is not less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm tree and the myrtle. Allow me to add one flower to the chaplet, which though it sprung in America, is no exotic—virtue has planted it, and it is naturalized every where.

No matter what may be the birth place

of such a man as WASHINGTON. No climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms and the discomfiture of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin; if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared—how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet revealed to us? In the production of WASHINGTON, it does really appear as if nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful—Scipio was continent—Hannibal was patient—but it was reserved for WASHINGTON to blend them all in one, and like the lovely chef d'œuvre of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, the philosophy of his counsils, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword—necessity stained—victory returned it. If he had paused here history might doubt what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banished hesitation. Who, like WASHINGTON, after having freed his country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage, rather than live in a capital? Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains—he left the victorious glory of his self denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy America! The lightnings of Heaven could not resist your sage—the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier!

The Tomb of Kosciuszko.—Mr. Stephens, in giving an account of his visit to the Cathedral Church at Cracow—"allied in its history with the most memorable annals of Poland; the witness of the ancient glory of her kings, and their sepulchre"—after describing the tombs of Wladislaus le Bref, Kasimir the Great, and the Sigismundis, says:

On the lower floor of the church, by the side of Poniatowski, the Polish Bayard, and the tomb of no nobler in my eyes than all the kings of Poland or of the world. It is of red marble, ornamented with the cap and plume of the peasant of Cracow, and bears the simple inscription "T. Kosciuszko." All over the church I had read elaborate panegyrics upon the tenants of the royal sepulchres, and I was struck with this simple inscription, and remembered that the white marble column reared amid the magnificent scenery of the Hudson, which I had often gazed at from the deck of a steamboat, and at whose base I had often stood, bore also in majestic simplicity the name of "Kosciuszko." It was late in the afternoon, and the group of peasants, two Poles from the interior, and a party of the citizens of Cracow, among whom were several ladies, joined me at the tomb. We could not speak each other's language; we were born and bred some thousands of miles apart, and we were strangers in our thoughts and feelings, in all our hopes and prospects, but we had a bond of sympathy at the grave of Kosciuszko. One of the ladies spoke French, and I told them that, in my far distant country, the name of their nation's idol was hallowed; that schoolboys had erected a monument to his memory. They knew that he had fought by the side of Washington, but they did not know that the recollection of his services was still so deeply cherished in America; and we all agreed that it was the proudest tribute that could be paid to his memory, to write merely his name on his monument. It meant that it was needless to add an epitaph, for no man would ask—who was Kosciuszko?

REVOLUTIONARY BATTLE OF HUBBARDTON, VT.

Extract of a letter dated, RUTLAND, VT., Aug. 7.

The place whence I date this, though a favorite resort of the pioneers of Vermont, has nevertheless not received immortality by any particular event connected with the history of the country. The most proximate battle of the Revolution was that of Hubbardton, some twenty miles distant. It was in the dark and stormy times of 1777, when the shattered remnant of the American army, which had survived Montgomery's defeat at Quebec, and been obliged to retreat from Canada, were pursued by the British and Indian myrmidons under Gen. Burgoyne towards Albany. Under the imbecile St. Clair, they had endeavored to make a stand at Ticonderoga, in the hope that the impetuous British General would make an immediate attack upon that fortress, which, however capable of repelling an assault from treble numbers, was nevertheless not in a condition to withstand a regular siege. The British commander, however, made his advances with great caution, and erected his batteries on the neighboring hills. On the 6th of July the American army commenced a hasty retreat from the fort, and the rear guard, under Col. Seth Warner, was the next day overtaken at Hubbardton by a division of the British army under General Frazer. Here a battle commenced, which for spirit and courage has scarcely a parallel in history. The British commenced the attack with great impetuosity, and from their vastly superior numbers and discipline no doubt expected an easy victory. But the advantageous position Col. Warner had taken, and the desperate energy he had infused into his troops, served to give the Britons a different idea of Yankee courage.

The American army was composed of marksmen, whose aim, when the smoke

cleared away from the serried battalions of their enemies, was certain death. The fighting continued for upward of an hour without intermission, when the British forces began to give way. The havoc among them had been dreadful, and had not the British General Reidel come up at that junction with a reinforcement which exceeded the whole American force, Col. Warner would have enjoyed the reputation of a victory unprecedented in the annals of the war. As it was, he drew off his forces without much loss. The British loss in killed and wounded was two hundred and eighty three, and a majority of these were killed outright. This retreat left the whole of the populous and wealthy part of the country now embraced in the county of Rutland open to the Indians and Tories; and the inhabitants commenced a hasty and precipitate retreat, some of them leaving even their pots boiling upon the fire. The grandiose of the writer of these sheets, whose domicile was situated near the centre of a large triangular interval in the western part of Rutland, was among the number who were compelled to retreat on foot, with wife and children before the merciless marauders. His store of necessaries were few; the most valuable was a salt mortar which he had the precaution to hide in some logs near the house and which is still preserved as a family relic. On the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, the inhabitants returned to their dwellings.—Boston Times.

The following truly philosophic remark are extracted from Dr. Brewster's Life of Sir Isaac Newton. They were induced by Newton's decomposition of a ray of light, and the consequent discovery and properties of colors. It may be proper to remark that the white light of a sunbeam is composed of seven different colors, viz: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—all possessing different degrees of refrangibility:—

"If the object of the material world had been illuminated with white light, all the particles of which possessed the same degree of refrangibility, and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, all nature would have shone with a leaden hue, and all the combinations of external objects, and all the features of the human countenance, would have exhibited no other variety than that which they possess in a pencil sketch or a China-ink drawing.

The rainbow itself would have dwindled into a narrow arch of white light, and the mantle of a wintry twilight would have replaced the golden vesture of the rising and setting sun. But He who has exhibited such matchless skill in the organization of material bodies, such exquisite taste in the form upon which they are modelled, has superadded that ethereal beauty which enhances their more permanent qualities, and presents them to us in the evervarying colours of the spectrum. Without the foliage of vegetables, light might have filled the eye and fostered the fruit which it wells; but the youthful green of its springs would have been blended with the dying yellow of its autumn.

Without this the diamond might have displayed to science the beauty of its forms, and yielded to the arts its adamantine virtues; but it would have ceased to shine in the chapel of beauty, and to sparkle in the diadem of princes. Without this the human countenance might have expressed all the sympathies of the heart, but the "purple light of love" would not have risen on the cheek, nor the hectic flush been the herald of its decay.

The gay coloring with which the Almighty has decked the pale marble of nature, is not the result of any quality inherent in the colored body, or in the particles by which it may be tinged, but is merely a property of the light in which they happen to be placed. Newton was the first person who placed this great truth in the clearest light."

Singular Marriages.—A widower at Campden, who was not very young, became smitten with a young & beautiful girl, and married her. A short time after, the son of this man by a former wife, became also in love, not with a younger person, but with the mother of the father's new wife, a widow lady in the prime of life. He offered himself, and soon the young man and the widow were united in the bands of matrimony, so that in consequence of these two connections, a father becomes the son-in-law to his own son, and the wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own mother, who is herself the daughter-in-law of her own daughter; while the husband of the latter is the father-in-law of his mother-in-law, and father-in-law to his own father. Singular confusion may arise, if children should spring from these peculiar marriages.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn that on the morning of the 8th inst. Mr. Conrad Holmes left his house in the town of Madison in this county for the purpose of cutting hoop poles. But not returning as soon as expected, his wife becoming alarmed went in search of him, and found him senseless on the ground. From appearances it was supposed that in falling a sapling it lodged, and that in his exertions to get it down it must have fallen and struck him on the head.—He was taken to his house and died the next morning.

Mr. Holmes was one of our most worthy and respectable citizens. He has left a wife and several children to mourn (as human wisdom would have said) his untimely end.—Michigan Whig.

PRESERVING THE TOMATO.—The editor of the Albany Evening Journal adds his testimony from practical experience, to the following receipt for preserving this excellent vegetable:

RECIPE FOR A BUSHEL OF TOMATOES.—Take your tomatoes and pour boiling water over them, skin them and then boil them well; after which add a tea cup full of salt, a table spoonful of Cayenne, an ounce of cloves and an ounce of mace; mix well and put the tomatoes in jars, run mutton suit over them, and tie them up, either with strong blue paper or buckskin. Prepared in this way they will keep a year.

